The Killing Moon by botanicapoetica

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Summary:

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Author's Note:

- For inkyreveries.

  Por vous, mon amie Sarah!

Steve didn't know what fucking time it was, but the birds were chirping and his face was broken and he'd just faced off with things he couldn't even wrap his fucking mind around. Max was his last stop of the night, and he waved her out of the car with his eyes closed, no paternal instincts left in him tonight. He just wanted to go the fuck home and never get out of his bed again.

Steve pulled out and started driving home, making it about five minutes before he had to move his car around Billy fucking Hargrove. He was standing outside his car throwing up, and in the glare of his headlights he could see Billy's face was drenched in blood. A twist in his gut had him pulling over, cursing his fucking newly found 'good guy' instincts as he slammed his door shut and walked up to Hargrove. Billy didn't even take in his presence, too busy spilling his guts all over the road, one arm shielding his stomach and the other bracing himself on his car.

"What the fuck happened to you?" Steve said once Billy stood straighter, seeming to be done for now. Even though it wasn't the most fucked up thing he'd seen all night, this still made the list. There was a long, angry cut on Billy's forehead, probably the source all the blood on his face and in his hair. His left eye and cheek were purpling and there was a very specific looking indent in one of the bruises. Almost like it came from a ring.

Billy spit on the ground, blood exploding on to the cement. He looked at Steve but it looked like the air had been let out of him, like he was as fucking exhausted as Steve felt. "Didn't bring her home, old man wasn't pleased. Wasn't fucking pleased before I came and tried to..." Billy slurred, then seemed to remember himself and fixed his lips in a sneer, teeth shining with blood. Steve felt something, underneath the pain of his face and the bone deep exhaustion, looking at Billy just

then. Like someone had lifted the veil off of a painting.

Steve stepped a little closer to Billy, wincing at the blood Billy kept having to spit out. It must've happened not that long ago. Maybe not long before Steve had pulled up with Max. "Is Max...will she be fine?" Steve ventured, sick at the conclusion his mind lead him to. Billy's reaction didn't make him feel any better. He was laughing like a fucking jackal, blood dripping down his chin like from a fresh kill.

"Harrington, you are just a fucking shining white knight, aren't you? He got his fucking fill, always gets his fucking fill with me, don't worry your pretty little head about it." Billy ground out, eyes squeezing shut for a moment as he doubled over a bit, the hand on the car scrabbling to hold him up. Steve was on him in a second, hands moving to brace him up against the car, his grip met with a sharp whine of pain that had him softening his hold.

"Can you drive?" Steve ventured, his eyes roaming over the rest of Billy, his shirt and jacket posing a problem in answering any of the thousand questions zipping through his head. He only got a stiff nod as a response, but he could work with it. "Follow me home. Your face is gonna get infected if you don't do something with it." He followed up, trying to dredge up some of the authoritative tone he'd been using for the last, Jesus, how fucking long was this night?

Steve let Billy go slowly, making sure he could stand on his own again, and walked to his car. At the sound of the Camaro roaring to life he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding; at least something was going to go the way he fucking planned tonight. The second he got into the front door he was kicking his shoes off and throwing his coat on the floor, leaving the door open at the sound of Billy behind him. He led him upstairs to the master bathroom without a word, sensing this situation was extremely delicate but also having absolutely no energy left to move his mouth.

Only once he'd thrown some wet towels and a first aid kit in front of them did he really get a good look at Billy in the mirror. The cut on his face had stopped bleeding finally but there was enough blood on his face to make him look like a murderer, and the bruises seemed to only be getting worse.

“You look fucking horrifying, Hargrove.” Steve said, handing a towel to him and watching the other boy scrub aggressively at his skin. Hargrove scoffed a little, then winced as he wiped around the slice on his forehead.

“It’s not usually this bad. Being sedated didn’t help my reaction time much. And you’re one to talk.” The other boy said shortly, then paused. “Harrington, I-it wasn’t you. I wasn’t hitting you on that floor. I think it was him, I don’t know. I shouldn’t have done it, I’m sorry and I know I sound fucking crazy. I know I do.”

Steve watched Billy’s face the entire time, watched him cramming his emotions down until regret and shame surfaced. Of all the fucking insane shit he’d had to deal with tonight, Billy Hargrove projecting his daddy issues on to his face was on the saner side. “I don’t think you’re crazy, Hargrove.” was all he could think to say, and at the unreadable look that passed over Billy’s face, he didn’t know if it was the right thing.

The next thing he felt was the bathroom wall against his back and lips on his, pressing almost hysterically for something. Billy’s hands were nowhere near him though, and Steve saw one hovering over his arm but not touching. He couldn’t explain it, but there was something about this. About Billy Hargrove afraid of touching him again, leading with his mouth but kissing him in a way he never imagined Billy to kiss. And he had imagined, once.

The sharp sting of his face had him pulling back abruptly and the second he did he knew what was going to happen. He watched Billy stumble back into the door, his face white as a ghost. Heard his feet taking the steps three at a time, heard the door throw itself open. The sound of Billy’s car peeling out seemed to bring Steve back to himself and he realized he was sitting on the tile now.

He lowered himself the rest of the way down, the cold tile soothing his face, and slept with memories of blood, monsters, and gold hair.